THE BANISH'D BEAUTY
OR, A FAIR FACE in DISGRACE.
A POEM,

on the Dutchess of Queensberry

Is she not FAIR, *as* PAINTING *can express,*
Or Youthful POETS *Fancy when they* LOVE! ROWE.

To the D------ss of Q------

LET Jarring *Realms* and *Europ*'s doubtful State,
Of Polititians be the dull Debate,
Stocks, languish'd Trade, let *Such* their *Subject* make,
And plead and bellow for their *Country*'s sake:
A more important *Theme* demands the *Muse*,
A *Theme*, she neither can, nor dares refuse;
A *Theme* from whence her faireſt *Lawrel*'s Spring,
Which first *Inspir'd* and *Taught* her *First* to *Sing*.
'Tis BEAUTY calls her, and in BEAUTY'S Cause
Her *Lay*'s are ready, and her *Pen* she draws;
Yet think *Clarissa!* what her *Pangs* must be
To *Sing* in Sorrow when she *Sings* of thee.

IN Matchless *Lustre* lately didst thou shine,
Nor knew the C--rt a brighter *Name*, than thine,
Of *Wit* and *Beauty* had'st thou ev'ry Grace;
(Thy *mind* the only Rival of thy *Face*,)
O'er thy own *SEX* Triumphant did'st thou Reign,
And bid them put forth all their *Charms* in Vain!
Was this thy *Empire* till *Lorenzo*'s I're,
Mean and inglorious, did thy *FALL* Conspire?
To his dread *Leige* thy keen *Rebukes* Convey'd,
And gave thy weak dispairing *SEX* his Aid!
If so he thinks, his *Triumph* let it be,
And still new *Cause* of just *Contempt* from *Thee*;
Thy *Wrongs* bright *Exile*! like thy *Self* endure,
And let the *Muse* thy injur'd *Beauty* Cure;
The *Muse* with Faithfull Service shall attend,
And be at all Events, *Clarissa*'s Friend,
With joyfull *Pains* thy ev'ry *Merit* trace,
And shew *Thee* even *Brighten'd* by *Disgrace*.
Nor think thy *Beauty* claims her *Lays* alone,
She has a *Debt* of *Gratitude* to own,
Since in her *Cause*, you wag'd a generous War;
And urg'd your stout *Antagonist* so far,
That thy *Superiour Arguments* to close,
He Vengeful, made the *Court* and *Beauty* Foes.

THE *Task* be thine, at large, much envied *GAY*?
Thy own and every *Muse*'s Debt to pay.
Nor let the *Fair*, who rose in the Defence,
Of *Wit*, just *Satyr*, *Truth*, and *Common-Sense*,
In these her *Moments* of *Dishonour*, find,
Thy pointed *Numbers*, like the C------t unkind;
From bold *Macheath* a while thy *Rage* withdraw,
And let him still, uncensur'd, brave the *Law*,
Attack, Despoil, with a rapacious Hand,
And deal to *Fools* the *Plunder* of a *Land*,
[illegible] the *Grace* of thy *Reprieve*,
[illegible] *Robber* leave;
Ask him what Warmth could urge him to despise,
The brightest *Judgment*, and the brightest *Eyes*,
Could it arraign his *Prudence* to submit,
When *Beauty* soft'ned the Attacks of *Wit*,
Or could it taint his *Honour*, to be meek,
And unresenting, hear a *Lady* *spake*;

WHEN *Greece* and *Troy*, as say Great *Homer*'s [illegible]
With fierce embattled Numbers, throng'd the Plains,
And when their clashing Arms, *and* Martial-Rage,
Did in their Contests all the Gods *engage*,
Unaw'd, in Slaughter did Tydides *move*,
And wound with daring Arm the *Queen of*
Rough was he form'd, unfashion'd for a
War *was his* Feast, *and* Cruelty *h*
From him Lorenzo, *would'st thou*
In Courage, *first, thy self an* Equal *ake*;
But 'twas thy Merit *to be train'd Polite*,
And rather taught the A t to Woe *than* Fight;
At Beauty's *Altar Daily didst thou Vow*,
Then whence a Carriage *quite so different now?*
Coud'st thou not use for once the Courtiers *Guis*
Caress thy Foe, and tho' offended Smile;
Rally'd by Woman *think it no Disgrace*,
And let her Tongue *be pardon'd for her Face*:
Such is the Conduct shou'd *Lorenzo* boast;
Were not *Lorenzo* in the *Statesman* lost:
Repent of *Lovely Woman* thy Disdain,
And to thy former *Self* return again:
Make thy Submission to the *Banish'd Fair*
Confess her *Beauty* and her *Wrongs* repair.

NO, No, *Lorenzo* is too proud to yeild,
And when he once has gain'd to quit the *Field*;
The *Sanction* of his *Dignity* and *Post*,
With Insolence unparaleu'd he'll boast,
Facts charg'd upon him, nor deny, nor own,
But poorly Fly for shelter to the Th------n.

WHAT by *Lorenzo* is That ------ abus'd,
At which his *R--yal M--er* stood accus'd?
Fresh *Charges* does he still presume to bring
And in the injur'd P--ce to court the K--g:

WHILST frantick *Humours* in his *Brain* prevail
Trotts he industrious on each *Gossyps-Tale*;
Does he at *Empire* and at *Beauty* strike,
And Wound his *Sovereign* and the *Fair* alike
Once more, disdain *Clarissa* to repine,
And let the *Muse* assure the [illegible]

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